

K
MADGE'S
ADDRESSES

TO
CHRISTOPHER TWIST-WIT, Esquire,

BATH-LAUREAT,

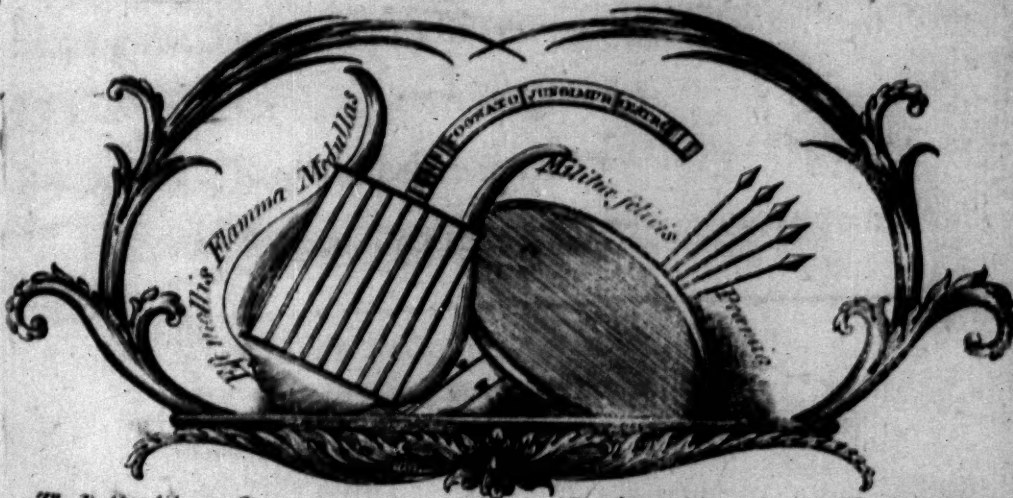
AND

MILLER'S Plumian Professor.

SECOND EDITION.

Lay heavy on him, MADGE, for HE
Lay'd many a heavy load on Thee.

SCULPTURA FRONTE 'EPISTOLÆ FAMILIARIS' SUBRIDENS.



*The Pallet like a Drum appears
The harmless Pencils pointed Spears
Emblems of martial Fame*

*The Gridiron's awkward Horns aspire
It's Ribs the Nerves that string the Lyre
Alike insured to Flame.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. PARKER, in Bond-Street; and to be had of Mr. BEW, in
Paternoster-Row; of the Bookfellers at the West End of the Town, Charing-
Cross, Temple-Bar, and Royal-Exchange; at BATH, OXFORD, and CAMBRIDGE.

M,DCC,LXXVII. Price, 1s 6d.

M A D G E' s Imitation

H O R A G E, Ode I, B. I,

Occasioned by JO. MILLER Esquire's

† ANTIC ERECTION for Waste Paper,

At BATHEASTON.

MY ANSTEY, bred with Sons of KING's,
For Thee the Muse inaptur'd! sings
Her sweetest grace, her best support,
Rich SATIRIST of HUMOR's Court;
Among the Bards not ONE in TWENTY,
(Their wild Notes, a penurious plenty)
But seeks (a Bard's experience trust)
To kick, and flounce, and raise a dust.

Mæcnas atavis edite regibus,
Oh ! et præsidium, et dulce decus meum,
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat ;

† Reader, mistake not! this is meant to intimate an *elegant* Antique Vase, once
(*positively*) the *property* of Cicero, and now in the *possession* of Jo. Miller, Esquire,
at his *elegant* Villa, at Batheaston, &c. &c. Elec. Ball, P. 51 2d Edit.

B

His

His Chariot wheel with fervor rolls,
 Nor heeds the dull § *prosaic* souls,
 Scar'd at these Cloud-invelop'd Men,
 Who wield the Horfewhip of the — Pen.
 From Small-talk, Scandal, Repartee,
 The Mob of high, and low degree
 Boast Genius *borrow'd* from the Sun,
 To form a Ballad, Ode, or Pun;
 As vain the Muse, whose labor grubs
 Fair Helion's indignant Shrubs,
 Who boldly wrests from native earth
 The sacred flow'rs of ATTIC birth;
 Flow'rs, such as *wanton Fancy bore* *
 To wither on Britannia's Shore.

Metaque fervidis

Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
 Terrarum dominos evehere ad Deos.—
 Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
 Certat tergemini tollere honoribus;
 Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
 Quicquidde Libycis verritur arcis,
 Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
 Agros

§ Nec audit currus habenas. *Virg.*

* Teste Epistolâ Familiari.

But why, thou Merchant of the Nine,
 Adventrous sail *beyond the Line*?
 Thy fostering Nurse Bathona quit,
 To stem the *wint'ry* Surge of Wit?
 Smooth tho' she sail'd *her course of Air*,
 Long has thy Vessel wish'd repair;
 The timely *Dock* insures success;
 Free Genius *rarely* wooes a *Press*. —
 Impatient for Revenge thy strain
 Pour'd the *rude Storm* on Candor's reign;
 When *solid* Quill had *near* in clay
 Yclad the *harmless* rev'rend prey:

Attalidis conditionibus

Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ
 Myrtôum pavidus nauta secet mare.
 Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
 Mercator metuens otium, et oppidi
 Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
 Quassas indocilis pauperiem pati. —
 Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
 Nec partem solido demere de die
 Spernit,

When

Thanks to thy care ! beneath the *shade*
 The Poet, and the *Work* are lay'd;
 Each self-condemn'd with *agueish* lip
 Oblivion's wave at Bath to sip.—
 Yet Bards there are, who *shake* the Lyre,
 Charm'd by the noise themselves inspire;
 Pervade with *themes* the Daughter's Ear
 Which curious Mothers love to hear.
 Thou Huntsman, restless to suspend
 Sweet Converse of the social friend,
 With *faithful Harriers* to pursue
 O'er *Bladud's Stream* the motley crew;

Nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
 Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacrae.
 Multos castra juvant, & lituo tubæ
 Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
 Detestata. manet sub Jove frigido
 Venator teneræ conjugis immemor;
 Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,

Yet

Yet track'ft in vain with clam'rous roar

The *wily* fox or *sullen* boar! —

Enough, to grace thy *letter'd* brow,

If *Miller* and his *Queen* allow

One *Myrtle-shoot*; THYSELF confefs'd

In Merit far above the rest!

If, while thou trip'ft the flow'ry plain,

'Mid *chaste* Bathonia's virgin-train,

And *Satyrs* lewd in winter's *prime*,

They coax *their* ANSTEY for a rhyme!

If She (thou never could'ft refuse

To *Miller's taste* thy gentle Muse!)

Draw from her rich *poetic* shelf

The Prize, *thou little lov'ft*, thyself! —

Seu rupit teretes Marfus Aper plagas.—

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium

Dīs miscent superis; me gelidum nemus,

Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori,

Secernunt populo: si neque tibus

Euterpe cohibet,

Yet — should perchance, ingenuous Bard,
 From hymning choirs the full reward
 Attract a future lay, (thy Soul
 ‡ Can well the pious accents roll !)
 Ecstatic with the scenes, you paint,
 † Fond HUNTINGDON shall dub you SAINT.

nec Poly-hymnia
 Lesbium refugit tendere barbiton.—
 Quod si Me Lyricis vatibus inferes,
 Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

* See a promising *Specimen of devout Poetry moulded to the shape of an Hymn* in the old
 — New Bath Guide.

† Quando ullum inveniet parem? Hor.

M A D G E' s POETICAL TRANSLATION

Of the prose ADVERTISEMENT

'Ad LECTOREM.'

Perfixed to 'EPIST. FAMILIARIS' ad C. W. Bamfylde, Arm:

Egregiam verè laudem, et spolia ampla refertis,
Tuque, PUERQUE tuus, magnum et memorabile Nomen,
Sit Dolio Divum sit FEMINA clata duorum. *Virg.*

† Tu poscis subito tabulas, interque BIENDUM *Epist. famil. P. 33.*

READERS, take this BY WAY of Proem!

'Have ye not read My last Bath-poem,

'A Work, design'd to please you ALL,

'And christen'd 'AN ELECTION-BALL'?

'But, gently to revive the strains,

'Lo! *specimens* of BAMFYLDE's brains

'So nicely drawn! you cannot miss

'His Friend's 'Personæ Dramatis.'

'Their merits widely to proclaim

'This Letter is the TRUMP of FAME;

Cùm in Manus Tibi fortassè venerit poema quoddam Anglicanum,
cui Titulus, an Election-Ball, Tabulas quinque ab amico ex-
cogitatas, quæ personas istius poematis representant, per sequentem
Epistolam tibi tradere volui :

'Convey'd '*exprefs*' to him in *Latin*,
 (A Tongue poor MADGE is not so pat in !)
 'Protected by my *publiſh'd* lays,
 'Small *Bundle* worth a *REAM* of praise.
 'YET — This was *never* doom'd to *Day*,
 'Though Friends will sometimes over-sway,
 'For *well I ween'd*, 'twould irksome prove,
 '(*Genius*, and *Sense* howe'er ye love)
 'Again to chant in *measur'd ſtate*
 'The *Cynofure* of MADGE's pate.
 'As one good Turn deserves another,
 'I fain would introduce a *Brother*,
 'My Verſe who *paints* with *magic* fancy :
 'Think on him——but FORGET NOT ANSTEY.

quam quidem Epistolam, unà cum
 opusculorum meorum fasciculo, ad eum nuper miſi ;
 non tamen in publicum protuliſſem, niſi ut demptà tibi neceſſitate,
 atque tædio prædictum poema relegendi, amici mei ingenium,
 atque artem admirandi hac tibi ratione præſtarem copiam.

MADGE's

MADGE'S TRANSLATION
OF THE
AUTHOR'S APOSTROPHE to *himself*
Towards the Close of his 'Epistola familiaris'.

- “ W HENCE, POET, this frenzy? what Dæmon decreed
“ Thy flight from the Cam, like the Scot's from the Tweed?
“ No longer to croak amid Granta's hoarse frogs,
“ And tread the Bæotia of Trumpington bogs?
“ Instead of dull *Doctors*, brisk *Virgins* abuse,
“ And rouse with Bath-Waters a splenetic Muse?
“ 'Tis the Imp of Ambition, who makes thee so wild,
“ To resume in thy manhood the task of a child;
“ And shake off the Cobwebs, that hang round the Lyre,
“ Whose Musick with * BROWNE has exhausted its fire.

-
- “ Ah quid agis? quis te jussit, malesane, Deorum,
“ Linquere ranarum patriam, Bæotica Grantæ
“ Littora, et hos Charitum dulces temerare recessus?
“ Quis Deus? ah! quæ te Divis dementia major
“ Impulit, antiquo rursus te accingere ludo
“ Insolitumque Lyræ numeris aptare latinæ
“ Jampridem resides chordas, desuetaque plectra?

* J^S. HAWKINS BROWNE Poema de Animi Immortalitate.

“ Never teize the Bath-Girls ! prithee leave them alone !

Their † Birth-right is Folly ; the Business their own,
To sigh for each Vanity, Fashion, and Toy :

Their Fabrics of Air shall a *Poet* destroy ?

“ Shall He— who prefers to each Classical scene

“ The life-cheering seats, of which Venus is Queen,

“ Whose hours in the circle of happiness move

“ With HER, his *best half*, whom each Mortal must love ;

“ Where the Dogstar ne’er rages, nor Summers e’er roast,

“ And in Winter your house is as warm as a toast ?

What your Summers I know not ! —no Creature is there ;

“ But the Winds in the Winter have blown down my Chair.

“ Your *Moon’s* splendid Crescent Art, Nature adorns ;

“ At a shift so obliging* to lend you *her Horns*. §

“ Scilicet, ut suaves Baiarum ad flumina nymphas

“ Tutius ignota tibi carpere voce liceret,

“ Improbe, ludibrioque sacratas vertere sedes,

“ Quas Amatho, Cyprique jugis, et valle Cythera

“ Posthabitis, colit alma Venus ; quâ te quoque dulces

“ Fata sinunt habitare domos, ubi nulla Leonis

“ Ira, æstate, furit ; neque scæta hyemalibus austris

“ Circum flabra tonant* CRESCENTIS CORNUA LUNÆ :

† Their claim is equally derived from the *Father’s*, and from the *Mother’s* side.

§ Nuge *Anstia* passim.

- “ The plains smile around you ; each Cabbage your foe,
 “ HERE none to be *sour'd* for AMERICA grow,
 “ HERE ope but your Windows , or cross but the Street,
 “ And you snuff the rich incense of Araby sweet ;
 “ All the Odors of Spring most profusely are shed,
 “ And Ambrosia each Nymph from her heels, to her head!—
 “ Hail embosom'd *Bouquets*, ye gay spoils of the Earth!
 “ Thou PLUMAGE, that nod'st at the funeral of Mirth!
 “ Ye Sounds *never-dying*, too surely to win
 “ The Swain, who still listens, but *nought can put in*
 “ Such the voluble Gale! —

—— Thou old Builder of Fame

- “ Without Stone, Brick or Mortar, AMPHION by name,
 “ WHAT now were your tunes ? ask our Earth-cumb'ring
 (throng,
 “ If They *run up* their Streets, and their Squares *for a Song* ?

-
- “ Quà nullis, INGRATE, licet tibi CAULIBUS hortus
 “ Germinet, aut OLERUM delectet COPIA nares,
 “ At tibi sæpe tuas gradientes ante fenestras
 “ Thurea dona Arabum, et divinos veris odores
 “ Spirant AMBROSIO redolentes PULVERE nymphæ ;
 “ Quotque gerunt frutices, et quot sunt vertice plumæ,
 “ Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant.—
 “ Absit, ut æternos poscat tibi solus honores
 “ Amphion Diræus, (Echionias licet arces
 “ Suasit inire choros, lepidasque salire columnas,
 “ Eloquio fidium, citharæque canore facetæ)

D

“ Mark

“ Mark! yon dome of Confusion, which *graces the Road*
 “ Thro’ which Newgate discharges *Iniquity’s* load,
 “ Though Musick, and Dancing the Structure uphold;
 “ It was rear’d at the first by the Musick of — Gold.—
 Ask of *Abraham Shrivel, Bank-Broker of Coin,*
 Grimming horrible Smiles—all he can, to *purloin*
 If his Pelfhe *subscribes* but to gratify Fops,
 Or to *sweat the Leviathan* LOVELACE at Hops?
 He will cry, — ‘ My SECURITY’s GOOD!’ — ‡
 For— should Fashion *e’er* sicken in Vanity’s race,
 (*Thy Genius, oh! WYAT,* he feels not!) the Place
 He will model for Methodist, Mussulman, Jew;
 And himself — with *Annuities* line the best PEW.

“ *Condita si mimis, tonsoribus, et citharædis*

“ *Mænia contempletur IONICA,*

‡ It would be needless to apologize for this Hemistic, inserted
 ‘ More Majorum’.

“ Will the gewgaw ADELPHI's Designers, who found
 “ * Those Castles in Air , half conceal'd *under Ground*,
 “ Will they boast, that not SAMPSONS of *Parchment and Fate*
 “ Had pull'd down, ITS Pillars—unprop'd by the State,
 “ Ere JUSTICE announc'd it the *National weal*,
 “ That *meek* England should * pipe to a venal Scotch-Reel?
 “ 'Twas a Lot'try of Prizes! no Blanks—You may laugh,
 “ But the Builders turn'd Lawyers, and got the best half :
 “ Little-boots it—support but their *credit*, and STOCKS,
 “ If cajol'd by a *Budget*, or wire-drawn by COXE.—
 “ Enough of such Builders!—now, Marg'ry, rehearse,
 “ (Hail! happy Transition!) the Builders of verse ;

qualia toto

“ Vix quateret Sampson molimine, quæ tamen uno
 “ Circuit amplexu, rapuitque tenacibus ulnis,
 “ In Partesque trahens, nunc huic, nunc distrahit illi
 “ Dimidiumque dedit semper SIBI Causidicûm grex.
 “ En tibi quot sacri pandunt Helicone poetæ.

— * Quantum vertice ad auras
 Ætherias, tandum radice in Tartara tendit. Virg. *Æn.* lib. 4

* In this *particular* instance the poor Piper himself pay'd.

- “ These Sons of pure Virtue Court-Int’reſt reſuſe
 “ In their Age, as in Youth, to trip after a Muſe;
 “ See their Manners ſo pliant, their Humours ſo ſweet!
 “ And each Paſſion ſo readily lay’d at their feet!
 “ Nor on Envy, or Malice, or Hatred they feaſt!
 “ They ne’er *frown* at a *Rival*, nor *ſnarl* at—a PRIEST.—
 “ Lo! at once through ſoft Tempe’s *irriguous* vale
 “ To their Deity’s Altar th’ Idolaters fail!
 “ Peers *penſion’d*, *plac’d* Courtiers (how ſudden the Turn!)
 “ With the *rabble* of Gentlemen ſinger the Urn!
 “ One *pert* ſprig of MYRTLE that anguiſh can cloſe,
 “ With which Senators throb for the Kingdom’s repoſe:
 “ Come—jingle your Ballads; your *Bout-rime’s* fit,
 “ And † *this Roſemary* ſhed on the Tombſtone of Wit!

“ Quos ingens virtutis HONOS, et HONESTA bonorum

“ Laus et amor, rapit ad dulces ante omnia Muſas,

“ Quarum non odiis, irā, invidiæ, vel AURO

“ Proſtituunt Decus: ah! quoties per florea Pindi

“ Rura, per irriguas valles, et roſcida Tempe,

“ Threiciā cincti citharā, vetulæque ſeneſque,

“ Cum muſis gaudent ſaltare, et dulce canentes

“ Carpere lilia CANA, SOPORIFERUMQUE papaver?

† Jejuna quidem *clivoſæ* Gloria *Villæ*
His humiles *Apibus* Caſius, *Roremque* miniſtrat. Virg,

- “ Your Marg’ry advises, nor deem it in scorn,
 “ While the Roses you pluck, to beware of the Thorn;
 “ The Laurel soon fades, with which SATIRE is crown’d:
 “ Can the Heart, that mourn’d RUSSEL, with *Others* to
 [wound]
 “ Or can He, whom the Genius of Poesy rules,
 “ Suck the venom of Flatt’ers, — and praises of Fools!
 “ In those innocent regions, the Virgins’ delight,
 “ Shall the *Muse* turn a scare-crow their bosoms to fright?
 “ *These Maids* cannot ogle, or smile without leave;
 “ There’s a Mother, or Grandmother close at their sleeve
 “ To o’erlook, all they do, and o’erhear all they say,
 “ And reserve her sage Counsels for *Breakfast* next day.
 “ Let the pump-room form parties; ’tis pretty well known,
 “ They will ne’er *dream*, like *Dido, of walking alone;

“ Non fœdos labor est per montis inhospita vepres
 “ Cogere, ut innocuis petulantî carmine nymphis
 “ Vulnera dent; non, quæ satyrâ nocet acrior omni,
 “ Laude fœvent, propriisque attentas plausibus aures
 “ Crudeli mulcent luxu, dulcique veneno —
 “ O Sacra virginibus sedes! quas ipse tuetur
 “ Mos, Geniusque loci! crimen quibus ire, nefasque
 “ Horrendum (nisi! matronâ comitante decenti)
 “ Nocte choros; at MANE quibus fiducia tanta est,
 “ Ut quacunque pedes rapiant, libet incommitatum
 “ Carpere iter.

* *Nec Virgo relinqui*
Sola sibi, — aut longam incommitata videtur
Ire viam; at certâ TYRONES quærere terrâ.

Virg.

“ What if scanty the garment, or sweeping its trail,
 “ Or if ought (but a SATYR) invite to the vale,
 “ If enjoying the *fragrance*, or *converse* of *Air*,
 “ With some *swain*, who tucks up the nice braids of his hair,
 “ And mounts *boldly*!—the beaver peeps *smart* o’er his eyes;
 “ Sleek Boots cramp his legs, and pure doeskin his thighs:
 “ All Taste is but Fancy; the BUCKHORSE might choose,
 “ For HE once had his charms, and rode off with a *Muse*.—
 “ What is Life?—a few hours, and its pleasures shall cease,
 “ And this Valley of Tears feel the Sun-shine of Peace:
 Ah! why the free Current of Spirits controul
 Tis WISDOM attunes to *good-humor* the Soul:
 “ Who a Padlock would close on the bosom of YOUTH
 “ Gives the Key to Deceit, and makes prisoner of—TRUTH.

“ *longo plateas seu verrere peplo,*
 “ *Sylvicolasve inter Faunos, per rura vagari*
 “ *Fert animus, juvenum seu turbas inter equestres*
 “ *Automedontæ tunicatas more catervæ*
 “ *Dura reluctantis moderarier ora caballi.—*
 “ *Usque adeo cursus nullo compescere vinclo*
 “ *Convenit, ingenioque feras imponere soli,*
 “ *Quas Tu—*

Yet

Yet—Poet, attend to *no* Woman *in* rage

'Tis your MADGE, soft as MILLER, your ear would en-

(To Miller she makes it an humble Petition, [gage;

That *Charades* may compleat the next *rhyming* Edition)

She avows all your worth, of your *foibles* would cure ye;

Your Accuser, ('tis usual!) your Judge and your Jury,

“ **Whereas** you stand charged in the face of my Court

“ Of *bribing* the Muses in Slander to sport,

“ Know the Statutes declare *that* vile instrument, Verse

“ Is a breach of the Peace; perish all, but the Erse!

“ But *fair* Equity pleads I have found out a flaw,

“ A meer *Jeu-d'Esprit* urg'd in evasion of Law.

“ sed tali meritas pro carmine, vates,

“ Accipe, damnatus muliebri judice, poenas,

“ QUANDOQUIDEM, ante Oculos Divam, scelerate, Timorem

“ Nullus habens, sed Fraude, et Dæmonis incitus Irâ,

“ Occultê, contra Pacem, formamque Statuti

“ Provifam

LET THE CAUSE BE DISMISSED!—it is very well known,

“ You have *not lessen'd* Margery's head, but *your own* :

“ § So take back your *Worklets*; they're *bundled* together, ”

How could you *thus* worry your brains for a FEATHER.

“ CAPITI QUASDAM DIVELLERE PLUMAS

“ FÆMINEO, atque omnes turpi infamare Libello

“ Ausus es—HÆC DICTAEST TIBI LEX.—

§ Ipse sed in *Plumis* —

Cum Chartis, calamisque, atque omni absceunq Librorum
Fasciculo, ” VALEAS! Epist. famili. ad Finem,
si sit ad huc.

FINIS

24 MA 66

